SOME NEW BOOKS.

Mme. D'Arblay's Autobiography.

The Messrs. Roberts have done well to follow up the success attained by the Delany memoirs with a new reprint of *Mme. D'Arblay's Autobiography*, which has been skilfully compressed and revised for the present edition by SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY. This is a work of incomparably greater interest than its predecessor, which, as we noted at the time of its publication, was mainly concerned with persons of high social rank, but possessing not the slightest claim to the attention of posterity. The author of "Evelina," on the other hand, was the great literary lion in the London society of her day, and her personal recollections throw a great deal of light upon the most distinguished contemporary names in the enduring registers of science, art, and letters. This record, moreover, of her daily impressions and observation, is most favorably contrasted in respect of tone and diction with the memoirs of her father, which Mme. D'Arblay, to the great surprise and disappointment of the public, made prolix, turgid, and dull. The present volumes, on the other hand, are composed of hasty jottings in a diary and of private letters to intimate friends, and in them we recognize the keen glance, sly humor and fluent, sprightly style of the author of "Evelina."

More modern readers probably have read, from a sense of duty, the sensible, but long-winded and tedious narratives of Richardson than the relatively crisp and lively novel which Miss Frances Burney published in 1778, and which obtained one of the most sudden and splendid literary successes of the eighteenth century. The appearance of this book transformed, almost in an hour, the obscure, diffident daughter of a music teacher into the most celebrated and courted woman in London. The praise bestowed on her performance seems to us exorbitant and preposterous, for posterity has refused to approve the verdict of the day, and no one would now dream of ranking the writer of "Evelina" and "Cecilia" on the same plane with the creator of "Parson Adams" and "Tom Jones." This is just what the best critics of the time did, however; even such men as Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Sheridan appearing to sanction the popular judgment that the new author was actually superior to Fielding as a painter of life and manners. What is equally noteworthy, Miss Burney made a conquest of the coterie known as "the old wits," because its members, remembering Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Prior, and Bolingbroke, were wont to affect indifference toward their literary successors. Thus Mrs. Delany, who does not so much as mention the name of Fielding in her letters, made a great pet of Miss Burney, and the Duchess Dowager of Portland, who piqued herself on her inability to read Richardson, spoke with enthusiasm of "Evelina." As for Dr. Johnson, he was so enchanted with the young lady author that his critical faculty seems to have been completely drugged, and he refers to her in terms of grotesque, almost maudlin, effusion. All these facts seem inexplicable, and ridiculous enough to the modern reader, but they are worth reciting, as showing the boundless opportunities of social study enjoyed by the fortunate writer, and which have been turned to the fullest account in the diary and letters here collected.

It is only, however, during the six or seven years immediately following the appearance of her first novel that we are able to take any special interest in Miss Burney's observations. She was undeniably a snob, and when, in 1785, she entered the royal household as keeper of the Queen's robes, the weak and petty side of her character received flagrant emphasis. Beneath a surface of good nature, affected modesty, and mock sensibility, we are afraid the music teacher's daughter was a vain, artful, time-serving, ungrateful little woman, much such a sly, sugary, delusive personage as Becky Sharp might have become had Becky had the luck to have a respectable father and a decent competence, and to write a successful novel. It is clear that in spite of some smooth professions she really turned a cold shoulder to Mrs. Thrale, after that impulsive woman's marriage to Piozzi, although Mrs. Thrale had virtually given the agreeable young author a home for years, and seems to have made her reputation. It is clear, too, from her own diary, that Miss Burney neglected Dr. Johnson during the last months of his life, when he lay slowly dying in his shabby lodgings. Again, her pretended admiration for Edmund Burke and gratitude for his early recognition did not prevent her from taking sides warmly with Warren Hastings because the latter was supported at the court, and her judicial and æsthetic faculties were so nearly controlled by self-interest that she listened in a stubborn, captious spirit to Burke's and Sheridan's scathing arraignment of the great criminal in the hall of William Rufus. But while the general effect produced by the naive disclosures of this diary is not particularly favorable to the depth and loyalty of the writer's character, there can be no question about the historical value of her recollections, or the singularly terse, bright, and pleasing way in which they are recorded. Both as regards style and contents, this is, perhaps, the most readable memoir in the English language next to Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

We have no space to note a hundredth part of the anecdotes and incisive observations recited in these volumes. There is scarcely one conspicuous person figuring in English society during the concluding years of the last and the early years of the present century of whom something suggestive or entertaining is not here set down. We surmise, however, that the author's recollections of Johnson and of Burke will interest the widest circle of readers, and it is chiefly these on which we would now dwell. It is true that some of the material contributed by Miss Burney's diary may be found in large collections of Johnsoniana, but the succinct, vivacious form in which she embodied her impressions is seldom preserved by those who repeat her stories. We are particularly impressed with the easy, animated air of Mme. D'Arblay's narrative style in the account of her introduction to Johnson, which took place at Mrs. Thrale's. At this time Dr. Johnson was old and infirm, and his arrogant temper was at its worst, although Miss Burney, who at once became a prime favorite, did not suffer by it. Among the persons discussed on this occasion was Garrick, whom Johnson thought "superannuated," and Sir John Hawkins, whom Johnson shielded from attack after a curious and ambiguous fashion. "As to Sir John," he said, "I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but, to be sure, he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that cannot easily be defended." He went on to say that Sir John and he once belonged to the same club, but, as Hawkins ate no supper after the first night of his admission, he desired to be excused paying his share. "And was he excused?" "Oh yes, for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him, and admitted his plea." Of his friend Langton the Doctor said that he took no better care of his affairs than formerly, complaining of the ill effects of habit, and resting contentedly on a confessed indolence. Langton told his father that he had "no turn to economy," but a thief, Dr. Johnson thought, might as well plead that he had "no turn to honesty." It was during this visit that the Doctor, after many flattering asseverations that Miss Burney was a "toad" and a "sly young rogue" (she was 26), protested that "Harry Fielding never drew so good a character" as "Mr. Smith" in "Evelina," and added: "Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere—in any book, or by any author." It was at this time that Mrs. Thrale pointed out to her young friend that the admirable character of *Croaker* in Goldsmith's "Good-Natured Man" was a downright theft from Johnson. While the two ladies were looking at the original sketch in the Rambler, Dr. Johnson came in, and they told him what they were about. "Ah, madam," cried he, "Goldsmith was not scrupulous, but he would have been a great man had he known the real value of his own internal resources." "Miss Burney," said Mrs. Thrale, "is fond of his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and so am I; don't you like it, sir?" "No, madam; it is very faulty. There is nothing of real life in it, and very little of nature. It is a mere fanciful performance." Hearing that the author of "Evelina" was about to meet the famous Mrs. Montagu, Dr. Johnson began to see-saw with a countenance expressive of inward fun, and, after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly and with great animation turned to his "sly young rogue" and cried: "Down with her, Burney; down with her; spare her not; attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits, and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered; but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul. So at her, Burney; at her, and down with her!"

Dr. Johnson took such a keen interest in Miss Burney that he was minded to make a match for her, and, being asked whether a Mr. Crutchley, who had a large fortune, would suit, discussed the question in "Evelina's" presence, and declared that the young man must, at all events, come down very handsomely with a settlement. "I will not have her," he said, "left to the man's generosity, for, as he will marry her for her wit and she him for his fortune he ought to bid well; and, let him come down with what he will, his price will never be equal to her worth." The Doctor thought, too, that the man who pays a good deal for his wife will "use her well to vindicate his choice. The world, madam, has a reasonable claim on all mankind to account for their conduct; therefore, if, with his great wealth, a man marries a woman who has but little, he will be more attentive to display her merit than if she was equally rich, in order to show that the woman he has chosen deserves from the world all the respect and admiration it can bestow, or that else she would not have been his choice."

Of Mrs. Thrale, Johnson had told Miss Burney that she was "a sweet creature, and never angry; that she bore his scolding like an angel, and had a temper the most delightful of any woman he ever knew;" but after her marriage to Piozzi he would never write to or hear from her. "I drive her," he said, "quite from my mind. If I meet with one of her letters I burn it instantly. I have burnt all I can find. I never speak of her, and I desire never to hear of her more." It is amusing to find Miss Burney, who was at the time a sage maiden of 32, denounce the Piozzi marriage as a deplorable instance of woman's "yielding unresisting to her passions." Here may be cited a significant extract from Mrs. Thrale's journal. "I have been," she writes, "to London for a week to visit Fanny Burney and talk over my intended nuptials. Dear Burney, who loves me kindly, but the world reverentially, was, I believe, equally pained and delighted with my visit; ashamed to be seen in my company, much of her fondness for me must, of course, be diminished." Thirty-seven years afterward, when Mrs. Thrale Piozzi died, at the age of eighty-two, Mme. D'Arblay could afford to write of her with generous appreciation, and compares her friend with Mme. de Staël. The elaborate parallel will at once suggest the pupil of Dr. Johnson. Both women, she says, had the same sort of highly superior intellect, the same depth of learning, the same general acquaintance with science, ardent love of literature and thirst for universal knowledge, and the same buoyant animal spirits, such as neither sickness, sorrow, nor even terror could subdue. Both were zealous to serve, liberal to bestow, and graceful to oblige; and both were truly high-minded in prizing and praising whatever was admirable that came in their way. Neither of them was delicate or polished, though each was flattering and caressing; but both had a fund inexhaustible of good humor and of sportive gayety that made their intercourse with those they wished to please attractive, instructive, and delightful. Yet though not either, continues Mme. D'Arblay, dexterously inserting the *amari aliquid*, had the smallest real malevolence in their compositions, neither of them could ever withstand the pleasure of uttering a repartee, let it wound whom it might, even though each would serve the very persons she goaded with all the means in her power. Both, she concludes, were kind, charitable, and munificent, and therefore beloved; both were sarcastic, careless, and daring, and therefore feared. Mme. D'Arblay intimates that the morality of Mme. de Staël was by far the more faulty, but "so was the society to which she belonged, so were the general manners of those by whom she was encircled."

In the early days of Miss Burney's acquaintance with Edmund Burke she can find no words too strong to express her admiration and esteem. "He had just the air," she writes, "the manner, the appearance I had prepared myself to look for in him, and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanor, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man." She goes on to say that "he is tall; his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various, and eloquent; his manners are attractive; his conversation is delightful. Since we lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting." On another occasion, when she met the great orator at a rout, he sat down by her, and, after many compliments upon her book, too delicate either to shock or sicken the nicest ear, he very emphatically congratulated her upon its "most universal success," said "he was now too late to speak of it, since he could only echo the voice of the whole nation," and added, with a laugh: "I had hoped to have made some merit of my enthusiasm, but the moment I went about to hear what others say I found myself merely one in a multitude." Mr. Burke then told her that notwithstanding his admiration, he was the man who had dared to find fault with so favorite and fashionable a work. Upon Miss Burney's entreaty he enumerated these; "but," said he, when he had finished his comments, "what excuse must I give for this presumption? I have none in the world to offer but the real, the high esteem I feel for you; and I must at the same time acknowledge it is all your own doing that I am able to find fault, for it is your general perfection in writing that has taught me to criticise where it is not quite uniform." No wonder Miss Burney concludes her account of this conversation with "Here's an orator, dear Susy."

After Miss Burney entered the royal household, her feelings underwent a change in reference to the great Whig rhetorician and statesman. She found that Mr. Burke's was the name in the world most obnoxious to her royal patrons, both for his Reform bill, which deeply affected the whole court, and for his prosecution of Mr. Hastings. When, accordingly, she witnessed the opening scene of the Hastings trial, and saw Mr. Burke, as head of his committee, make his solemn entry, she notes that his brow is "knit with corroding care and deep laboring thought, a brow how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration when first I met him. How did I grieve," she continues, "to behold him now the cruel prosecutor of an injured and innocent man." She did not hear Mr. Burke's exordium, but she was present on the second day of his speech, and admits, somewhat perfunctorily, that all she had heard of his eloquence, and all she had conceived of his great abilities, was more than answered by his performance. "Nervous, clear, and striking," she tells us, "was almost all that he uttered; the main business, indeed, of his coming forth was frequently neglected, and not seldom wholly lost, but his excursions were so fanciful, so entertaining, and so ingenious, that no miscellaneous hearer like myself could blame them. It is true," she adds, "he was unequal, but his inequality produced an effect which, in so long a speech, was perhaps preferable to greater consistency, since, though it lost attention in its falling off, it recovered it with additional energy by some ascent unexpected and wonderful." She confesses that at times, notwithstanding all she felt, wished, and thought concerning Warren Hastings, the whirlwind of Burke's eloquence nearly drew her into its vortex. Were talents, she writes, such as these exercised in the service of truth, unbiassed by party and prejudice, how could we sufficiently applaud their exalted possessor? But she affirms that, though he frequently made her trouble by his strong and horrible representations, "his own violence recovered her by stigmatizing his assertions with personal ill-will and designing illiberality." But perhaps the most effective summary of Miss Burney's mingled impressions was contained in the account she gave to Mr. Wyndham, and which has for us a high historical value, as exhibiting in a singularly concise and vivid way the effect produced by the greatest masterpiece of British oratory on an appreciative but prejudiced ear-witness. "When Mr. Burke came," she said, "to his two narratives, and related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me. I felt my cause lost. I could hardly keep on my seat. My eyes dreaded a single glance toward a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor that they might be saved so painful a sight. I had no hope he could clear himself; not another wish in his favor remained." But when, from this poignant narration, Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation—when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny, were general, and made with all the violence of personal detestation, and continued and aggravated without any further fact or illustration—then, if we may trust Miss Burney, "there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice, and, in short, so little of proof to so much of passion, that in a very short time I began to lift up my head, my seat was no longer uneasy, my eyes were indifferent which way they looked or what object caught them; and before I was myself aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself a mere spectator in a public place, and looking all around it with my opera-glass in my hand."

Miss Burney, as we have said, was 26 years old when, in 1778 she printed her first novel "Evelina," which, by the way, notwithstanding its marvellous success, brought her just $100. Soon afterward, at Sheridan's request, enforced by the urgent counsel of Johnson and Burke, she wrote a comedy called "The Witlings," which, though never acted, or even printed, remains one of the curiosities of literature, on account of its close resemblance to Molière's "Femmes Savantes," a piece that there is reason to believe Miss Burney had never seen. Her second story, "Cecilia," which was in a more serious vein, appeared in 1782, and had a vogue which would have been remarkable but for the exceptional *éclat* of its predecessor. Her place in the royal household she resigned after five years service, and at the age of 41 she married M. D'Arblay, a French Royalist, who subsequently, however, gave in his allegiance to Napoleon's Government. Mme. D'Arblay's third novel, "Camilla," published in 1796, proved a pecuniary success, but her last work of fiction, "The Wanderer," fell flat. She was left a widow in 1818, but she lived to publish the memoirs of her father, and died in 1840, at the advanced age of 87.

Before the appearance of this autobiography the name of Mme. D'Arblay was a fast-fading name in literature. It used to be said of her in her last days that she had "lived to be a classic," and her novels certainly had this in common with some classical writings that, so far as modern readers were concerned, they might as well have been written in dead languages. It is these journals and letters, however, that only saw the light after her death, which give her the strongest hold on the present generation, and which must always be deemed precious by the historian of English manners. It is no exaggeration to say that no diarist or letter writer, with the possible exception of Samuel Pepys, has given so exact and exhaustive a picture of the life of a court, and none except Boswell has recorded a greater number of original and pregnant literary and social ana. The compiler of these volumes is justified in expecting a wide popularity for the book, and in averring that so long as human nature continues to exhibit from age to age the same deviating but always recurring types, so long will sketches of real life and real character preserve their charm, and those of Mme. D'Arblay occupy a permanent and honorable place in popular regard.

The Duke of Somerset on Democracy.

There is something striking in the deliberate attempt of a great nobleman to sum up the results and define the tendencies of republican institutions. Whatever its shortcomings and aberrations, such a performance is perhaps the more stimulating and instructive for the very reason that the drift of the author's sympathies is unmistakable. So long as human nature remains what it is, every object of study will of course be affected, as regards outline and perspective, by the student's point of view, while the reflections it suggests will receive color and direction from the medium of refraction. It saves time, therefore, and helps us not a little to determine the precise value of conclusions, when we know beforehand the elements of disturbance and deflection which, in a given case, have acted upon a writer's mind. For this reason, if for no other, the thoughtful observer of our representative system will scan with peculiar interest a discussion of its principles in a book entitled *Monarchy and Democracy; or, Phases of Modern Politics*, by the DUKE OF SOMERSET. (London: James Bain.)

Besides the special consideration connected with the author's rank and social position, which naturally awakens curiosity and arouses a healthful combative instinct in the democratic reader, there are other grounds on which this book invites attention. There are few students of politics in England or America who are better qualified, in respect of natural abilities, wide and accurate acquirements, and knowledge of public affairs, to offer an opinion on the large problems of the time than is the Duke of Somerset. Nor has any man approached the discussion of burning questions in a more sober, patient, circumspect, self-watchful spirit. The temper of his book is perfect, the moderation admirable, and the candor exemplary. The predilections and limitations which, to our thinking, warp and circumscribe his arguments, seem at all events unconscious, and essentially inseparable from his personal point of view; while his good humor is so contagious that we are tempted to admit that American readers very possibly come to the subject with preconceptions not less inveterate, though of an opposite kind. While, moreover, the writer cannot expect to see his main positions and the ultimate issue of his inquiry accepted in this country, we cannot deny that many of his objections to a republican polity are well taken, and we may profit by his suggestions, not, indeed, to seek improvement in reactionary schemes, but to correct and alleviate the faults of that democratic system which, after all, we deem the best solution yet devised of the problem of government.

It may be convenient first to glance at what the author has to say concerning the root principle of representative institutions which, in one form or another, are reproduced in western Europe, before marking the criticisms passed on the specific type presented in American commonwealths. We may say at the outset that the Duke is rather a pessimist than a hopeful redresser of abuses; that the general outcome of his researches is not so much reconstruction as demolition and discouragement; that while he points out the vices and the failures of existing polities, he scarcely ventures, even by implication, to propose a substitute. As to the principle of representation, for example, he acknowledges this to be an essential element of constitutional government, but he insists that the practical working of representative institutions is far from satisfactory. The definition of their object which he offers cannot be rejected, nor can it be denied that their object is not, in practice, fully attained.

The aim of an electoral system is undoubtedly, as the Duke affirms, to "bring together a body of men who represent the deliberate sense and conscience of the nation." All republican philosophers are agreed that such a constituent assembly, so far as it satisfies the reason of its existence, ought to reflect the collective wisdom and not the collective passions or the collective folly of a people. Every man, however, is not wise or virtuous, and it is truly hard to see how the capital end of a representative legislature can be secured by universal suffrage. Our author perceives, however, that a suffrage quite or nearly universal is the ultimate and unavoidable result of representative reforms. The rivalry of competing parties seeking popular support must, he submits, continually tend to enlarge the electorate in accordance with the radical theory that pronounces the debarment of any person, man or woman, from the exercise of the franchise a virtual slavery.

Waiving for the moment the question whether the English nation is at present fit for self-government through the elaborate mechanism of a representative system, the author asks our assent to another premise which many readers probably will think well founded. He avers that, up to a late period at all events in the history of England, a "real representation of the majority of the people would have been a national calamity." It is doubtless true that "in the early part of the eighteenth century the great mass of the British population was still in a condition of fanatical ignorance;" and it may be admitted further that for many years afterward the sense of the whole nation, if it had been mathematically averaged, would have proved an untrustworthy director of public policy. Having secured these concessions, the Duke passes to an examination of the remedies which are proposed to redress and curtail the mischiefs of universal suffrage. One of these correctives has been supposed to consist in rearrangements of the electoral machinery exhibited in successive delegations of authority, or in intricate methods of expression, such as the "limited vote," the "plurality vote," the "cumulative vote," all of which contrivances have been commended by this or that political philosopher, but all of which prove awkward and unacceptable to the practical politician. Against the whole of these devices the Duke raises this objection, that whether the present scheme of representation be retained or another system substituted, the machinery of elections must always be so cumbrous and complicated that it will need to be regulated or guided by skilled managers. In the nature of things, these managers will be party tools, selected for the express purpose of performing the difficult and dirty work of politics. They will manipulate the voters with the single aim of gaining a preponderance of seats in the Legislature. To them a candidate's availability will, of course, be the main consideration, and his fitness for legislative functions a quite subordinate matter. After all the trouble and expense involved in this electoral apparatus, the representative system will, in most cases, resolve itself into a circuitous mode of nominating legislators by a small body of managers. One effect of this system in its actual workings is already, it seems, beginning to be felt in England, although not yet so markedly as in the United States, namely, that a growing proportion of "sensible and moderate men abstain altogether from an exercise of the franchise, knowing that unless they vote according to the dictate of a managing committee, their votes are thrown away." As the sense of their impotence deepens, a larger and larger portion of the electors, whose calm judgment and temperate disposition might supply a counterpoise to the violence of party warfare, will stand aloof, and the community at large will thus lose the beneficial influence of that body of men best qualified to weigh the value of conflicting opinions and to take a just survey of the political horizon. No one will deny the reality or the gravity of this evil, or dispute the Duke's assertion that it appears to be inseparable from a widely extended franchise. So far, at least, the author's premises will be accepted, whatever may be said of the deduction which he would draw from them.

A second palliative, suggested by political philosophers, of the drawbacks attending universal suffrage is the education of the people, and the author of this book devotes a chapter to inquiring how far this expedient has in practice proved a renovator and safeguard of society. It may be granted that the political effects of popular education are not so immediate or decisive as some of its advocates have assumed would prove to be the case. De Tocqueville's views upon this subject can scarcely be said to breathe a high degree of confidence. It was not without diffidence that he expressed a hope that a system of general instruction might afford a barrier against an irruption of violent passions, such as France witnessed after the revolution of 1789. He knew, however, that the questions which agitate the poorest class involve some of the most difficult problems of social life, and that a lecture on political economy will not appease an empty stomach. Since De Tocqueville's time, the experiment from which he looked for a modicum of good results has been applied with varying degrees of thoroughness in several European countries. In France the educational reform begun under Louis Philippe has, on the whole, been steadily sustained, and the number of common schools has been very largely augmented during the past forty years. Yet, so far from having dissipated social disorder, education seems at the first glance to have stimulated the discontent which it was intended to counteract. The peasantry who continue to be relatively ignorant are peaceful and orderly, not to say apathetic, whereas the manufacturing towns, peopled with intelligent artisans and skilled workmen, are the centres of political disquietude. "If the French people," says the Duke, "have learned moderation and self-restraint, the lesson has been impressed on their minds, not by school instruction, but by the disasters of war and the severe penalties of defeat." If we turn to Germany we do not find that the most efficient system of compulsory education has produced tranquillity and contentment. Neither can the recent experience of the United States be cited as a proof of the pacifying influence of common schools. The author of this volume cites an American report on the industrial conflicts of 1877, which affirms that nine-tenths of the young criminals sent to the penitentiary have enjoyed school advantages, whereas three-fourths have never learned to do an honest stroke of work. In such a fact the writer of the report thinks he reads a scathing satire upon our free school system.

From such instances it is plain enough that education is not the panacea that our stump speakers have proclaimed it, but which, as we have seen, De Tocqueville never imagined it to be. But where, as in Germany and the United States, nearly every adult can read and write, the possession of the rudiments of education by the criminal class proves absolutely nothing. The real question is, Does a given country exhibit a greater ratio of crime since the introduction of free schools than it did in the era of widespread ignorance? Now it is a fact, attested by an exhaustive collation of statistics, that in western Europe and this country the relative number of heinous and revolting crimes against the person have signally decreased during the past fifty years. As to crimes against property, their number is so directly affected by the economical situation of a community at a given time, that it might have been pertinent for the Duke to consider such phenomena in connection with the probable economical cause of the social discontent which at present unquestionably exists in the most enlightened nations.

We would next look briefly at the author's temperate though incisive strictures upon the shortcomings of our own commonwealth, which he designates, in a chapter devoted to its careful scrutiny, as "the great republic." He lays his finger on the wide divergence from the captivating axiom of the declaration that all men are created equal to the Constitution, which contained no concession of rights to the black man or to the red man; and he does not, of course, omit to note a like curious inconsistency in the proposed discrimination against the Chinese. He points out how mistaken De Tocqueville was in predicting that in the United States there would be a tendency to the equalization of wealth, that the rich would gradually become poorer and the poor become richer. The Duke reminds us that there is no country where private fortunes are larger, or where the power of capital has been more invidiously exerted, than in our own. To this a reasonable rejoinder is that what De Tocqueville saw in America was an agricultural community, and so long as our activities were mainly concerned in tillage his forecast was verified. After the Revolution, the laws of entail which had obtained in New York and elsewhere were abolished, the great manorial estates were broken up, and the land underwent a process of subdivision among small proprietors. It was not until the tide of immigration set in, and our industries awoke, that vast fortunes were accumulated in manufactures and trade, and the irrepressible conflict between capital and labor entered upon an acuter phase.

The Duke of Somerset has been a close student of Jefferson's correspondence, and he adduces from the letters of the Democratic statesman a number of prophecies strangely falsified by the event. He quotes a passage, for example, where Jefferson objects to young Americans visiting Europe, "lest," as he says, "they should acquire the taste for luxury and dissipation prevalent in the capitals of the Old World." In another letter Jefferson contrasts "the voluptuous dress and arts of European women with the chaste affections and inartificial manners" which he thought would unquestionably continue to be found in the United States. "Contemplating in his imagination American society in future years as a perpetual feast of intellectual pleasure and of unalloyed virtue," Jefferson went on to predict: "No man living will ever see an instance of an American removing to settle in Europe, while we shall see multiplied instances of Europeans going to live in America." The Duke finds much amusement in reading this prediction by the light of recent data, and reminds us that while few Europeans possessed of a competence settle in America, thousands of educated and opulent Americans have flocked to the cities of Europe and especially selected Paris as their home, not under the republican régime, but while it was the seat of imperial display.

Our author submits that Jefferson was in error, not only in his dream that a finished and chastened purity of taste, refining art, literature and manners would render society in America irresistibly attractive, but also when he argued that republican institutions would assuredly generate the sterner virtues of integrity and justice. We are asked whether we are now willing, in all candor, to aver that the American Constitution has produced superior honesty in the conduct of commercial business, or in the administration of public affairs. Of course, it cannot be gainsaid that the extent and variety of mercantile frauds disclose a relatively lax morality in the trading communities of the United States. This is a phenomenon, however, which the Duke himself hesitates to charge upon democratic institutions, because he perceives that it may grow out of the potent multitudinous temptations to financial speculation in any country where daring enterprise reaps a very rich harvest.

A prediction of Lord Brougham's is also mentioned which may not be accounted pleasant reading in view of the scandals which have marked in recent years our Federal and municipal administrations. Discoursing upon American democracy in the year 1843, Lord Brougham asserted that "the vigilance of parties, and the publicity with which every department of government is administered, make peculation impossible. It is an offence," he said, "which in such a country can have no existence." We cannot gainsay the Duke when he affirms that our experience since the civil war has proved that a democratic government affords in itself no entirely adequate security against official embezzlement and malversation. The author points out further that maladministration of the law through the dishonesty of judges was one of the worst vices of an arbitrary régime, but that this vice has not been eradicated by democracy. It is too true, as he recalls, that in the State of New York and elsewhere the courts of justice, as well as the Legislatures, have been tainted with venality. It is but fair, however, to remember that when Lord Brougham wrote, and indeed up to the time when the control of national affairs passed out of the hands of Democratic statesmen, every word of his eulogy was justified by facts, for the purity of the Federal Administration was almost stainless. We cannot be expected, therefore, to accept the somewhat hasty inference drawn by the Duke of Somerset, that "the whole construction of the American Constitution seems calculated to maintain a low standard of moral integrity." We believe, on the contrary, that a due regard to dates and circumstances which the author has overlooked would impress on a mind so candid as is the author's a precisely opposite conclusion. A deliberate survey of our whole history must, we think, demonstrate that the canker of official corruption which of late years has infected public life may be wholly charged on the disintegrating effects of war, and the boundless opportunities of peculation supplied by the collection and disbursement of an enormous revenue. Nor should it be forgotten that the very guarantees extolled by Brougham have been in virtual abeyance for a term of twenty years. How can the healthful "vigilance of parties" be operative, and to what purifying "publicity" can government departments be exposed, so long as one and the same party is suffered to intrench itself in the national Treasury, and keep its grasp on every branch of the Federal Administration?

If we felt confident, says the author, that the influence of democracy would accelerate the advance of mankind in knowledge, in virtue, and in happiness, who would not be a democrat? To him it appears, however, that, so far as our limited experience enables us to judge of the effects of democratic rule, it is ill-adapted to develop the higher qualities of mankind, a form of progress which the Duke manifestly thinks inherent in the meaning of the word "civilization." It seems to us that this assumption really begs the point at issue between the eulogists of ancient and modern societies, as well as the question debated between the advocates of individualism and socialism, regarded as the core and ground-root of social order. Those who believe that the consummate development and the extreme felicity of a few is a more rightful object of social congregation and government than the diffusion of a reasonable measure of well-being among the widest possible number, will share, perhaps, the doubt and the regret with which the author of this treatise looks back upon the course and scans the horizon of human progress. Those who believe with him—though the Duke of Somerset is too kindly to look the dilemma in the face—that it is well for a thousand men to starve in order that Phidias may produce a statue, or who consider that Roman roads and Roman laws were cheaply bought with the groans and sweat of subject populations, can point indubitably to some signs of decadence since the swift overthrow of the slave-nourished and slave-cursed Athenian commonwealth and the tardy liberation of the tax-wrung victims of the Roman empire. Such men, when they philosophize, cannot well avoid embracing some form of pessimism, whether, as in the case of the Duke of Somerset, it finds expression in misgiving and pensive resignation, or whether, as in the case of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, it breathes the brutal accents of scorn and despair.

For our own part, we believe that a patient comparison of economical, social, and moral statistics would reveal two facts of almost measureless consolation, and of superlative promise for the future of mankind. We think it could be proved that the quantum of happiness attainable to-day in any civilized community is incalculably greater than it was at any preceding epoch, while the gain in the scope and equity of distribution needs no demonstration. We submit, further, that the blessings of this melioration in the hard lot of the majority will be found multiplied and diffused in the exact ratio of the loyalty, completeness, and promptitude with which the principles of representative government have been carried out. To our mind, the bounties and the guarantees of universal suffrage far outweigh its actual abuses and its conjectural dangers. We do not share the apprehension with which the Duke of Somerset descries a yawning gulf of socialism and the red spectre of revolt. It is true enough that the suffrage once committed to the long-disfranchised proletariat cannot be wrested from them by any lawful means, and that it is competent for them, by the unchallenged exercise of the ballot, to reconstruct society from its peak to its foundations. But, for ourselves, we are willing to take our chance with the majority, and we see cause for thanksgiving and not for outcry in the fact that, should it ever fall on this community to meet the question virtually pressed on the Athenian State, whether it is indeed worth while for a thousand famished men to die that one may create a masterpiece, the answer will be left, not to the sculptor or dilettante, but to the starving multitude.

M. W. H.

DUMAS THE YOUNGER.

His Magnificent Collection of Modern Pictures.

PARIS, May 29.—Alexandre Dumas the elder, the first of the name, lived in a whirlwind of storm and romance. He built castles, but he never had a house; he wrote novels and dramas that brought millions of francs into the pockets of publishers and managers, but all the money that he ever had was not his own; it was his friends'. How often people whom he hardly knew by sight used to bring other people to sup at his apartment, and Dumas left them to eat and drink, while he remained in his cabinet, toiling to gain the very supper that they were devouring so joyously! Dumas the elder never had time to have anything of his own.

Dumas the younger, although he never built a Monte Cristo or experienced the passion of Antony, and although he is a poet and a dreamer of dreams, is firmly planted on the earth. He has a house, and, what is more, he has a miniature Louvre museum of his own, which he keeps under lock and key for his own delectation. Whether Dumas the younger has much money I do not know, but he has a wonderful gallery of pictures, and he is one of the most zealous of modern Parisian collectors. Dumas the younger is, in a way, the summary and *résumé* of the modern Parisian. As a writer, both by his qualities and his defects, he best of all personifies the man of our time. He has accepted no ideas from the past. As he virtually confessed in his recent book on the question of divorce, he had not read the Bible until the beginning of the year; and with that charming *naïveté* which often characterizes our modern thinkers who turn up their noses at the wisdom of the ancients, he began to pull the Bible to pieces after the manner of Voltaire. He was so modern that he forgot that Voltaire had already worn threadbare the trick of mocking criticism.

Dumas the younger has, in fact, written the life of his epoch according as he has lived it. As a young man in the "Dame aux Camélias," "Diane de Lys," and the "Dame aux Perles," he represents the sensations, the enthusiasms, the exact manners, of contemporary society; in his maturity, his caustic pen has sounded all the social problems of the times, and has written those famous prefaces which will be consulted with no small profit by the future social historian of the nineteenth century. In Dumas the younger there is nothing inherited except genius; he is a Parisian born in Paris; a day boy at school, he educated himself to a great extent, and while still almost a boy he owed an absolute independence to his talent alone. At every stage of his career he has achieved success, because, being free from all conventionality and prejudice, from all cares of compromise or half measures inspired by immediate or remote views of ambition, he has always sought truth for itself. He has been listened to because he judged and never submitted. During the lifetime of his father, he would not become a candidate for the Academy, and when his father was dead and he was elected to take a seat among the immortals, he replied when asked whom he succeeded: "My father!" Even in taking his seat among the illustrious Forty, he maintained his independence, and flung a reproach in the faces of those who had dishonored themselves by refusing immortality to the great author of "Monte Cristo."

My intention, however, was not to talk so much about the genius of the younger Dumas as about his outward belongings. Unlike most of our modern French artists and literary men, Dumas does not live much in view of the public. You see him with his palm-embroidered coat at the meetings of the Academy, and you see him at the theatre on the first nights of important plays; sometimes, too, he puts in an appearance at the soirées of Mme. Edmond Adam, who aspires to be the Mme. Récamier or the Mme. Ancelot of our days. But the only salon of Paris of which he may really be said to be a habitué is that of Mme. Aubernon, who has a veritable cult for him. If you wish to catch a glimpse of the great man, with his crimped hair, his black moustache, his fine, regular features, and blue eyes, half dreamy, half mocking, you have only to take a walk in the Avenue Villiers, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, and you are pretty sure to meet him taking a rapid constitutional. It is in this avenue that Dumas lives in a handsome detached villa of brick and stone, with balustrades and large windows—a sort of mixture of the styles of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Dumas has always had a house of his own. Even when he was not rich, he could never camp in an apartment as the vast majority of Parisians do. He then had a little hotel in the Rue de Boulogne, so small that if a third visitor arrived Dumas had to receive him in the street. His present dwelling in the Avenue Villiers is princely in comparison. It is in the new quarter where all the artists, enriched largely by American gold, are building themselves miniature palaces. Hard by Dumas's house the painter De Nittis is building a palace, one door of which has cost him the sum of $5,000.

You enter Dumas's hotel through a handsome wrought-iron gate leading into a courtyard. Passing up a flight of steps, you find yourself in a vestibule hung with magnificent Dutch tapestries. The picture gallery begins here, for the walls of the staircase display masterpieces. On the ground floor, too, there are pictures of all kinds, sizes, and styles in Dumas's study and in the salon of Mme. Dumas, while here and there pictures that have not yet been assigned a place on the walls lean patiently against the mopboards. On the first floor there is the same profusion of pictures, and when you come down to smoke a cigar with the master of the house, or rather to have a chat, for Dumas has given up smoking, you suddenly find yourself in a new gallery in the garden—a sort of atelier, containing at least 200 pictures. It is a veritable little Louvre. One of the striking works of art in this gallery is a wax bust copied from the one in the Lille Museum, which people in general attribute to Raphael, but which Arsène Houssaye thinks is by Leonardo da Vinci. This is by Henri Cros, the brother of the poet.

Dumas's gallery is rich in the works of Meissonier. One little water color, a picture of Stradivarius, adorns the chamber of Mlle. Janine Dumas, who has her own little collection of the works of the modern masters. This Stradivarius has a history. Meissonier one day, seeing Mlle. Janine play the violin with that juvenile grace which excels the grace of the virtuoso, painted for her a picture of a real old Stradivarius with such a harmony of tone that the airs of the ancient masters seem to be floating around it. Jules Dupré, Daubigny, Delacroix, and Jacquet are represented by some of their finest works, and here, too, we find Vollon's famous "Helmet," which attracted all eyes at the Universal Exhibition in 1878.

There is an anecdote told about Vollon and Dumas which goes to show that there are more ways than one of getting together a collection of pictures without spending very much money. Dumas has a number of fine water color drawings by Vollon which he obtained in the following manner: Vollon is an early riser, and so is Dumas. Vollon is a passionate lover of billiards, and so is Dumas. Vollon arrives at Dumas's house early, say seven o'clock in the morning. The genial academician proposes a game. Vollon accepts the proposition. "What shall we play for?" asks Dumas. "I should like a complete set of Shakespeare's works," says Vollon. "Very good; I will play you a game of 50 points, a Shakespeare against a water color." Dumas is much the stronger player of the two, but sometimes he has twinges of remorse and he allows Vollon to win, and so the painter enriches his library and the dramatist his picture gallery.

Dumas possesses Meissonier's first picture, a Saint Paul, which is all the more curious as it is life-size. In those days Meissonier's work was not of the microscopical proportions which he has since affected. I would willingly go into ecstasies over the Fromentins, the Corots, the Delacroixes, the Daubignys, the Troyons, the Reynoldses, the portrait of Gericault, painted by himself, and a dozen other masterpieces, but to what purpose? Amateurs would only be made jealous by the list of their charms.

I have said nothing of the marbles and bronzes, which are almost as remarkable as the pictures. There are busts by Carpeaux of the master and mistress of the house; Alexandre Dumas I., by Chapu; a Bacchante, by Clodion; Frémiet's "Fawn with Bear Cubs," and a score of others. The drawings and water colors are endless; there are thirty-two drawings by De Neuville, a Eugène Lamy, representing all the characters in the "Dame aux Camélias," and last, but not least, a unique large paper copy of the "Affaire Clémenceau," the margins of each page of which are adorned with original drawings and water colors by the first artists of the day. The finest are undoubtedly those by Meissonier, G. Boulanger, Giraud, Zamacois, Fortuny, and Bouguereau. This copy of the "Affaire Clémenceau" is priceless; as prices run nowadays each page is worth money enough to keep a small family comfortably for a year.

With this unique volume I will bring my visit to the "Galérie Alexandre Dumas" to a close, but not without paying a tribute to the extreme courtesy and affability of its owner. M. Dumas the younger, while being one of the most home-keeping of Parisian literary men, is at the same time one of the most accessible.

THEODORE CHILD.

Demanding Gen. Hatch's Removal.

TUCSON, Arizona, June 12.—A mass meeting was held by the citizens of Grant County, N. M., on Monday night at Silver City. Five hundred prominent citizens were present. Resolutions severely censuring Gen. Hatch and his command, demanding his removal and the appointment of an efficient commander and force, were unanimously passed. Capt. Parker, chief of the scouts of the San Carlos reserve, and Capt. Madden were eulogized. Copies of the resolutions are to be sent to the President of the United States, the commanding General of the Army, the department commander, the Governor of New Mexico, and to the Eastern and Pacific press.

A CROWDED ISLAND'S OVERFLOW.

The History, Philosophy, and Practical Outcome of the Irish Emigration.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The cable has told us that at Mallow, in the county of Cork, a fierce attack was made on a band of emigrants bound for this country. When the history of Irish emigration from its earliest period to the present hour is considered, this wild and foolish ebullition of semi-savage passion seems passing strange.

Ireland has always played a part in history out of all proportion to its size and population. Isolated by the sea from the civilizations of the Continent, it has nevertheless produced within a period of little more than a hundred years, over the widest arena of human enterprise and in all the highest branches of human knowledge, a noble band of scholars and divines, philosophers and poets, statesmen and warriors, who challenge the admiration of the whole world. It is a singular circumstance, however, that all the greatest triumphs of Ireland have been won outside of Ireland. In the early ages, and especially from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the ninth century, when the lights of Roman civilization had been all but extinguished, and the oscillations of the human understanding had reached the lowest point, the Irish missionaries swarmed from their conventual schools over England, Scotland, France, and Germany to convert the heathen. It was from Ireland that Charlemagne gathered round the brightest spot of western Christendom those learned strangers, eager for metaphysic combat and foremost in all literary tournaments, who became the supple and powerful instruments of the civilization he sought to promote. Ireland was studded with these conventual schools which preserved the learning of the West, and forth from the great colleges of Armagh and Lismore went the "Monks of the West," who may be regarded as the first Irish emigrants. This impulsive race of men undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence in almost every country by their learning, sanctity, and zeal.

The martial glory of the Irish has also been chiefly won upon foreign battlefields. Voltaire has written that the Irish who showed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain had always behaved shamefully at home. This taunt is wholly unjustifiable, for their valor at Clontarf, Aughrim, Black Water, and Limerick is incontestable, though their most brilliant achievements were reserved for the bloody plains of Spain and Flanders. Napoleon might have said of the Irish what he said of the Poles, that they became soldiers more rapidly than any other people. Whether they fought for France under Turenne or St. Ruth, or for Spain under her Catholic standards, whether against Italians, or Netherlanders, or Spanish or French, no swords cut deeper than theirs; and the plain of Raucourt, the rampart of Lafelt, the slopes of Fontenoy, and the fierce battles of Luzara, Embrun, and Cremona witnessed their fiery onset and their matchless discipline. The more recent history of war tells how from Assaye to Vittoria, from Vimiera to Waterloo, from the Crimea to India, they have maintained the glory of the Irish name. Their record in our own war of the rebellion speaks for itself. Fredericksburg was another Fontenoy. Nor can it be denied that Ireland has given to England men of the greatest mark in every branch; has given to the State Burke, Wellington, Canning, Palmerston; Goldsmith, Moore, and Edgeworth to literature; Mulready and Maclise to art; Tyndall to science. It was Ireland that sent Sheridan, Grattan, Plunket, Sheil, and O'Connell to the House of Commons, and at one and the same time gave a Lord Chancellor to England and three Irishmen—Lords Mayo, Lisgar, and Monck—to govern her three greatest dependencies, India, Australia, and Canada.

It cannot, then, be an uninteresting inquiry how far a nation possessed of such high qualities and so influential in its past history, though also unhappily distinguished by a capricious instability of national temper, has affected other nations, what elements of good and evil it has poured into their civilization, and how far the Irish have themselves been modified in their peculiarities by contact with the other races. This emigration movement, which is the great social phenomenon of the age, has affected the Irish more deeply and broadly, considering their number, than any other nation, even the Germans. Emigration is the natural method by which old countries are relieved and new countries peopled, so as on one hand to mitigate the evils of civilization, and on the other to eradicate the evils of barbarism. It has been the means of spreading over the world the arts, the sciences, the religions, the scientific and literary achievements that belong to the specially favored centres of human existence. Happily the tide flows not now from the deserts of Asia, as of old, but from the heart of civilization; and the moving races are the most indomitable and energetic of the Old World "reduced to nibble at their narrow cage," and bursting impatiently beyond the boundaries which their expanding capacities render yearly more and more restricted. Hunger usually starts the emigration impulse, as natural to men as swarming is to bees, and forced upon the needy classes by almost the same necessity.

Now, the Irish, being the poorest and most prolific of modern nations, were the first to feel this impulse; the chief part of the people were in a state of chronic distress; they had but few manufactures, little fishing; and agriculture, especially such agriculture as theirs, could not possibly support such a teeming population as existed when the strong tide of emigration set in—three millions more than the present population. The emigrants did not go from the ranks of the refined and educated classes, who shrink from leaving behind them all the amenities of cultivated society and elegancies of polished life, but from the ignorant, the unpolished, and improvident, who for years had had their heads under water. I utterly reject the sentimental nonsense which classes emigration among the misfortunes of Ireland. It is a benefit to that country; it is a blessing to the emigrants themselves and their families; it is an advantage to the rest of the world. The mere interruption of local ties—with the ocean omnibuses now plying between Ireland and this country it need only be a slight interruption—is nothing compared with these great results. Nothing is more to be desired for the welfare of Ireland than that the emigration should be large and continuous. The battle of "the land for the people" and of Irish nationality is being chiefly fought by emigrants. The spirit which stirs it and the sinews which give it strength come from emigrants and the sons of emigrants.

The great stream of Irish emigration has turned from the very first to this country, which owed its prosperous colonization in the seventeenth century in a very considerable degree to the peaceful, religious, and industrious nonconformists of England. The basis of the American population is English, for of the thirteen colonies that declared for independence twelve were settled by Anglo-Saxons. England unquestionably formed and bred the men who established this mighty empire in the wilderness, and it was by her example and teachings that the colonists formed that attachment to the cause of freedom which gave them spirit to throw off her yoke. The primary colonization of America being Anglo-Saxon, both in the Northern and Southern States, there was a secondary colonization in the eighteenth century consisting of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, who settled in the Middle States, and even penetrated to the South; but this secondary stratum was a colonization of families and individuals and not of organized communities under special charters or patents from the home Government. The Irish portion of this emigration, which poured into the Middle and Southern States at the rate of nearly 12,000 per annum for twenty years in the early part of the last century, belonged principally to Ulster, and consisted of enterprising, orderly, and intelligent farmers and peasants. The value of this foreign element to the Middle and Southern States, as well as to part of the valley of the Mississippi, has been recognized by all American writers. To it the republic owes some of its most distinguished celebrities in Church and State. Francis Mackenzie, the founder of American Presbyterianism, was a native of the wild and romantic county of Donegal. Four Presidents and one Vice-President were of Irish extraction. Gen. Jackson was the son of a poor Irish emigrant, who settled in North Carolina, and was born somewhere between Carrickfergus and the shores of the United States. James Monroe, James K. Polk, John C. Calhoun, and James Buchanan, whose father was a native of Donegal, were all of Irish blood.

The immigration of the purely Celtic Irish, chiefly from the south and west and portions of the east of Ireland, is comparatively modern, and may be regarded as the tertiary stratum of American society. It was of a different stamp from the earlier colonizations, consisting mostly of peasants driven from their own shores by the scourge of famine, flying desolation rather than seeking a home. They were naturally attracted to this country by the demand for labor all over the prodigious extent of its fertile and unoccupied lands, but still more by its history as a nation that had shaken off the British rule, and that now gathered under its beneficent sway the outcasts of European civilization, offering a refuge to the political exile and a sanctuary to the persecuted of every nation. A small stream of emigration had been flowing in here for half a century before the Irish famine; but that unparalleled and appalling disaster, which annihilated the produce of 2,000,000 acres of land and four-fifths of the food of the people, in an instant changed the stream into a flood, which has been pouring in ever since at the rate of from 50,000 to 100,000 a year. This new population has found its way to all parts of the Union, but is chiefly concentrated in the manufacturing cities of New England and the States of New York and Pennsylvania, while a small but sturdy portion, increasing every year, the flower of Irish emigration, followed the star of empire which glitters in the great West, that land without tradition, history, or inheritance, whose frontier is ever advancing, and whose future promises to be more wonderful than its past. This change of skies and soil has been in every way beneficial to the Irish.

AN OLD OBSERVER.